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AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

BY S. B. LOWELL.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one,
Whose breast was made of manly simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward leaned,
And heard, with eager hearts and ears,
His bird-like songs whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong,
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high Humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but sows some seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst unlooked for into high-souled deeds
With way-side beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

With the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of Man.

And thus among the untaught poor,
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
Which casts in shadow all the golden lore
Of Classic Greece or Rome.

Oh! mighty brother-soul of Man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And, from the Many, slowly upward win
To One who grasps the whole.

In his broad breast, the feeling deep
Which struggled on the Many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of Thought whose surges leap
O'er the weak throne of Wrong.

Never did poesy appear
So full of Heav'n to me as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear,
To lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then,
Shall waken their free nature to the weak,
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart.

Boston, April, 1842.

"GO AHEAD."

By the beneficient constitution of Divine Providence, the earth, while it contributes to the support of man and beast, is designed to become more productive, or to keep up its richness, from its own activity. It is like the fountain of true charity, and beautifully emblematical of the Divine beneficence; the more it expends, the more its abundances increases. It is like, the human mind; the more active it is rendered, the more its powers are invigorated; the more it does, the more it can do; and the more its treasures are poured forth, the more its fullness is enlarged. The great object of the art of agriculture is therefore yet to be achieved. What has been done once, can be done again. There is no monopoly of power in this case. Nature is uniform in her laws and operations. It is an old saying that "fortune favors the brave;" that is, men find their power increase with their activity; according to the Latin proverb, "they are able because they believe themselves able." In many respects they *command* fortune. Taking advantage of the simplest of nature's laws, and using her forces as she designed they should be used, she is never wanting on her part, but seconds every effort for improvement; and the more readily and cheerfully as these efforts are the more spirited, energetic and determined. If any man has raised one hundred bushels of corn, or sixty bushels of wheat to an acre, who will pretend that it cannot be done again? No farmer, who deserves to be called a farmer in the highest sense, and to take rank among the noblest of this nature's nobility—the lords of the soil—ought to remain content until he has done it. When he has accomplished this, then he should not be satisfied until he has done even much more than this. There is undoubtedly a limit beyond which we cannot advance. All human attainments are necessarily finite. But who knows where this limit is? Who ever went so far as to be certain that he could go no farther? The difference between that which cultivation has produced already in some hands, and that which is ordinarily produced, is very great, and sufficient to occupy the enterprise and ambition of most farmers for a long time to come. But let them make the attempt to do all they can do, or rather all that can be done. They may not succeed at once.—Few men succeed at once in any great enterprise. But let them try again, and again, and again. If, after doing their best they fall short of the goal of their hopes and expectations, yet there is a great satisfaction to a generous mind in the mere pursuit of a good and useful object. An immense benefit comes to the community from an example of intelligent and persevering exertion. Let there be a generous ambition and a constant stimulus to enterprise in all the departments of human industry and activity. When the heart beats, the impulse is felt throughout the frame; and you cannot quicken the stream of life in any one part, without accelerating the circulations through the whole body. Go on, then, trying always to do better and better. While every other art is advancing in the career of improvement, almost with the speed of a locomotive engine, the farmers should whip up their team, and not be distanced in the competition.—There is a beautiful circumstance connected with agricultural emulation. In many of the pursuits of life, one man gets rich by making another man poor. He climbs the ladder by putting his foot on another man's shoulder; or, he builds his own dwelling out of the fragments of his neighbor's, which he has undermined. This is often a crying injustice, and inflicts many bitter mortifications, or arouses vindictive and tiger passions. Emulation in agricultural improvement enkindles no such baleful fires.—A man can make no improvements in husbandry, without at once extending the knowledge and advantages of them to others. The enlargement of the capacities of the soil, and every increase of its productions, confers an immediate benefit upon the whole community."—*Coleman.*

APPEARANCE.

"I would have the windows of the farm-house adorned with flowers, not in rusty-tin measures, and old black glazed tea-pots, and glass bottles with the necks broken off, but in whole and handsome flower-pots, or neatly painted wooden boxes, for they really cost nothing. I would have the piazzas or porches trellised with vines, even with scarlet runners, if nothing better can be had. I would have the door-yard filled with flowers and shrubbery, and the road-side lined with trees—here a clump and there a single line, mingling the varieties as nature mingles them—cultivating them for fruit, and cultivating them for mere ornament and beauty. But this is all, you will tell me, for appearance sake. Well, is appearance nothing? Did you think nothing of appearance when you chose your wives? and nothing of your own appearance when you wished them to confirm the election? But why should the pleasures of sight be so lightly esteemed? Why should they be spoken of in the language of disdain or indifference? Are they not as rational, as respectable, as valuable, as abundant, as innocent, as the pleasures of the other senses? Are they not, indeed the very elements of some of the most refined pleasures of the mind and heart? Has God given us the sense of sight, so wonderful, so capacious, so infinitely varied in its resources and objects, for no purpose? Is appearance nothing? What is more studied throughout the Creator's works?—What object is there in nature, from the highest to the lowest, animate or inanimate, swimming in the sea or in the air, on the surface, or buried in the earth, which is not, upon examination, found to be as beautiful as if it were finished for no other purpose than to be looked at? * * *

THE EFFECTS OF MOUNTAINS.

Geology, in its goings back and its readings of the earth's history, finds a time when, "before the circulation of the waters commenced, no alluvial lands, and scarcely even soil, could have existed; because these have been produced by the operation of the water. It was therefore an earth of naked rocks and sea." Science finds a time too, when the earth was a fluid mass, surrounded by an atmosphere, taking the globular form under the influence of rotation, and forming into rock or sand on its surface as it cooled down.—Such a globe—*fluid*—would, when revolving on its axis, acquire nearly a level surface; its waters would not circulate freely; they would be stagnant; and the soil could nourish but few of the plants on which men and animals feed. But our earth was to be made the fit home for men and the many animals. How was this accomplished? The pent-up fires in earth's centre were in God's hand. The volcanoe was his agent. By that the mountains were piled up—then the waters flowed away—'the *dry* land appeared'—the mountains helped to condense into clouds around their own heads the floating vapors and cause the rains to fall most abundantly on their high tops, where they should become the fathers of brooks and rivulets, and springs and mighty rivers. The mountains which draw down the rains and feed the rivers, are among the mighty agents that fertilize the earth. Quickly dried by the elevation which causes their waters to flow away, and frequently moistened by rains, their surfaces give a home to many of the valuable plants and trees, while the waters that flow down their sides, carry from the mountains the matter which composes the many fertile intervals. Upheave a mountain in the great desert of Sahara, and a few ages will find the region far around, as fertile as the sides and foot of Atlas, or as the plains that skirt our western mountains.—Ed. N. E. F.

He that sympathises in all the happiness of others, perhaps himself enjoys the safest happiness, and he that profits by all the folly of others, has perhaps attained the soundest wisdom.—*Lacon.*

THE ENCHANTED GUN.

A TENNESSEE STORY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

The evening closed in dull and thick, with that stagnant heaviness of the atmosphere which often precedes a storm. There was a moon, but its face was veiled by the leaden clouds; and its light, dissipated through the murky air, created that kind of "darkness visible" which gives a drearier aspect to the landscape than when it is wholly obscured.

The only cabin in sight lay in the midst of a desolate "clearing," which, though completely walled round by the forest of firs from whose depths I had just issued, bore not a trace of shrubbery to relieve the waste of blackened stumps. A well of primitive construction, with the bucket dangling at the end of a grape vine attached to a long lever pole, crowned a naked knoll where the stumps had been cleared away. The pole, from which the bark had never been stripped, was nearly covered with that pale green moss which will often collect upon the dry rails of a fence which have not for years been disturbed;—and this, with the night wind whistling through the parted staves of the decrepid bucket, proved sufficiently that the well, if not dried up entirely, was still no longer used. A low shed, built of logs and roofed with bark, was the only other outward appurtenance of the cabin.

The whole picture, it will be acknowledged, was a dreary one. Comfortless, monotonous—almost heart-depressing! A scene of wildness without beauty; of solitude without dignity: a woodland home without one attribute of rural cheerfulness. An abode in the wilderness utterly destitute of forest shelter and security.

The spirits of evil, which in some lands are believed to take up their abode in every deserted palace or ruinous castle, methought would straightway migrate hitherward did they dream of a spot so utterly lonely and, as it seemed, so man-forsaken!—I say "seemed," for though the traces of what are called *improvements* were about me, I could scarcely realize that the hands which had once wrought there might still be busy near. The man who had made such an opening in the forest must, I thought, have been frightened at his own work the moment he ceased from his toil, and become aware how uncouthly he had given shape and form to the spirit of solitude which still sighed among the tall trees around him.

I dismounted near the cabin, and scarcely tocuhed the door with the butt of my riding whip when it was flung open from within by some one who instantly retired from the threshold. The abruptness of the act did, I confess, startle me. Though not easily alarmed, my mood of mind at the moment was such as to prompt some mystic association with the scenes and circumstances already detailed. I am a perfect barometer of the weather, and the approach of a thunder gust always weighs down my spirits with undefinable oppression, in the same degree that a driving snow storm exhilarates them. The low mutterings of the oncoming tempest, which were now beginning to be audible, would, then, be sufficient to account for my present sensibility to gloomy influences; but I might also mention other things which, perhaps, added to the present anxiety of feeling, if the phrase be not too strong a one.—It will suffice, however, to state merely that I had not heard the sound of human speech in the last two days, and that that which now met my ears was harsh and discordant. It was the croaking tone which you may sometimes catch from a sour tempered virago as she strolls from the conventicle.

"I thought you'd a been here afore," said this ungracious voice; which, upon entering the apartment, I recognized as belonging to its only occupant.

She was a heavy-built woman, of coarse square features and saturine complexion.—She wore her straight black hair plainly parted over her eyebrows, which were bushy and meeting in the middle. One elvish lock had escaped from behind her ears as she stooped over the hearth, holding a tallow candle to the ashes which she was trying to blow into a flame, when my summons interrupted the process.

"You thought I would have been here before?" I exclaimed at last, in reply to her singular salutation, "why, my good woman, I have lost my way, and only stumbled upon your house by accident—you must take me for somebody else."

"I'm no good woman. Don't good woman me," she replied, with a scrutinizing glance which had something, I thought, of almost fierceness in it, as shading the now lighted candle with one hand, she turned scornfully round and fixed her regards on me.

"Yes! yes, strannger, you are the man, the very man that was to come at this hour. I dreamed ye—I dreamed yer hoss—yer brown leggins and all, I dreamed 'm—and now go look after yer critter while I get some supper for ye."

Those who are so good as to follow me in my story will perhaps be vexed and impatient when I tell them here that the whole of this singular scene has no immediate bearing upon its denouement.

"Why, then," it may be asked, "do you delay and embarrass the relation with the detail of matters that have no connection with the incident for which you would claim our interest?"

I did not say they had no *connection* with it! They have an intimate—a close connection. It was these very circumstances which still further fashioned the mood of mind under which I became an observer and partially an actor in the startling though grotesque events which followed, and I wish to place the reader in exactly the same position that I was in. I wish to win him, if possible, to perfect sympathy of feeling with me for the hour, and let him exercise his judgment, if he care to, from precisely the same point of mental observation.

We have returned, then, to the cabin, he (the reader) or I are again alone in the midst of the wilderness; in that dreary room;—alone with that weird-looking woman. The storm is now howling without, but it does not chafe savagely enough to excite the dispirited temper of our feelings, or offer a contrast of any dignity to the gloomy influences within.

Supper was already prepared for me when I returned from looking after my horse.—The coarse bacon and hoe cakes were placed before me without another word being spoken between my hostess and myself. I drew a rude stool to the table, and was in the act of helping myself from the wooden platter—

"Stop! I hear them coming!" cried the woman.

'Hear them! who?' said I, turning round sharply as some new, though undefinable suspicion flashed upon me.

'Them as will have to share that supper with ye, strannger—if how's be't they let ye eat any of it.'

I had no time to weigh further the meaning of her words, for at this instant there was a sharp flash of lightning, the door was dashed suddenly open and three armed men strode into the apartment, the storm pelting in behind them as they entered, and a terific thunder-burst followed instantly the lightning amid whose glare they crossed the threshold. The palor of their countenances, set off by their long black dripping locks, seemed measurably to pass away when that livid light was withdrawn; but from the moment that the door was flung open there was *an earthly smell* in the room, which, whether coming from the reeking soil without or from the garments of these wild foresters, was most perceptible. Those less familiar than myself with the raw-savored odors which sometimes travel out with the rich perfume of the woods, would, I am persuaded, have identified it with the grave-damps which our senses will sometimes take cognizance of in old church-yards.

The aspect of two of these men was sufficiently formidable, though in point of stature and an appearance of burly strength they were inferior to their companion. They were square shouldered, black-bearded fellows, armed both with hatchet and bowie-knife, in addition to the short rifles which they still retained laid across their knees as they settled themselves side by side upon a bench and looked coldly around them. The third was a full cheeked, heavy-featured man, of about eight and twenty, bearing a strong resemblance to my hostess, both in complexion and countenance, save that his eyebrows, instead of being square and coal-black like hers, were irregularly arched and of a faded brown. His mouth also lacked the firmness of expression which dwelt around her thin and shrewish lips.

This man bore with him no weapon save a huge old German piece, a Tyrolean rifle as it seemed to me, from the enormous length of the barrel and the great size of the bore, as well as the outlandish and cumbersome ornaments about the stock and breeching. It was, evidently, a weapon intended for the great distances at which the chamois hunter claims his quarry, and though serviceable for a long shot on our western prairies, was ill suited to the thick woods of the Apalachian mountains. Inconvenient, however, as the length and size of the piece might make it in some hands, it seemed to be nothing in the grip of the sturdy mountaineer, (who had probably bought it from some passing emigrant from the old world,) for I observed even as he entered that he held the gun vertically at arm's length before him.—Still he seemed glad of relieving himself of the weight as soon as possible, for he instantly advanced to the farthest corner of the room where he placed the piece with some care in an upright position against the wall.

'Well! what for now?" said the virago, 'why do you stand looking at the gun after you've sot it down?—you think she'll walk off herself, do ye?'

The youth looked gloomily at her—took a stool on the opposite side of the hearth to his companions—leaned his head doggedly upon his hand, but said nothing.

I thought I had never fallen in with a more strange set of people.

'What! Hank Stumpers, haint ye a word to fling to a dog?' cried the woman, advancing toward him; 'Is that the way you treat yer dead father's wife?'

The young man looked up stupidly at her, gave a glance with something more of intelligence at the gun, but still said nothing.

'Yes—yer nateral-born mother—ye chuckle-headed, ye—and she a widder.—Can't ye speak up to her—where's the deer?—the turkeys?—the squirrels?—haint ye got even a squirrel to show for your day's work?—speak you, John Dawson, what's the matter with the boy? He be n't drunk, be he?'

'It's a matter of five hours, Mother Stumpers, since either of us touched a drop,' replied one of the men briefly, and he, too, gave a furtive glance at the old firelock.

'Well—well, why don't ye go on? is any one dead?—are ye all distraught?—Jackson Phillips, you—you've felt the back of my hand across yer chaps, afore now, for yer imperance—I know ye, man, and that sober possum-look means something! Do ye think to gum it over me afore this strannger—speak up, and that at onst, or it 'll be the worst for some of ye, or my name's not Melinda Washington Stumpers!'

(I did not smile, reader, as you do, at Mrs. S.'s sponsorial dignity—I did not *dare* to smile.)

'You know we would n't offend you, no how, Mother Stumpers,' depreciatingly replied the man whom she addressed as Phillips. Hank's misfortune, you see, has made us dull-like, as it were, and—'

'And what in the name of Satan is his misfortun?' interrupted the mother, now for the first time moved with concern as well as anger.

'That's it—that's it, mammy,' cried Hank, with somethiug of alertness—she's druv the very nail on the head—*Satan* is at the bottom of all of it.'

'At the bottom of all of what?' screamed the virago, and, even as she spoke, the ancient piece in the corner, untouched by any one—without the slightest movement of the lock—discharged itself toward the ceiling!

'At the bottom of the bar'l of my gun—he speaks for himself,' replied Hank, moodily, while his mother started back and I sprung to my feet at the sudden report so near me.

'Your gun must be foul,' I said, resuming my seat, 'very foul, to hang fire so long. I suppose she made a flash in the pan when attempting to discharge her just before entering.'

Stumpers looked vacantly at me, shook his head, muttered something about he and his mother being 'ruinated,' and then more audibly said, Strannger, you may have more book larnin than me, but I tell ye, onst for all, that Satan's got into that gun!'

And *bang!* at that moment again went the gun, as if to prove that his words were sooth.

'This is, certainly, most extraordinary,' I exclaimed, as I rose to examine the gun for myself.

'You'd better not touch her, strannger,' cried Phillips.

'I tell you she's got Satan in her,' replied Hank.

I looked at Dawson, enquiringly.

'Fact! strannger, every word of it.—Hank's not been able to get that gun off since noon; but about a hundred rod afore we struck the clearing she begun firing of her own accord, just as you see—'

Bang!—Bang! went the gun.

'I told you that Satan was in her,' said Phillips, in a tone of solemn sadness—sometimes she'll not speak for a matter of ten minutes or so; sometimes she gives two little short barks like those; and sometimes she gives a regular rip-snorter—

(BANG! thundered the gun.)

like that!'

'I told you she'd got Satan in her!' still repeated Hank.

I confess that it was now only the calmness of those around me which preventad some feeling of superstitious terror being disagreeably awakened in me. The men, however, seemed sad and awe-struck, rather than alarmed; while the woman—a thing not uncommon with resolute minds disposed to believe readily in the supernatural—seemed at once to accept the fearful solution of the mystery which had been proffered to her, and ready to meet it with an unflinching spirit. Still, puzzled and bewildered as I was, I could not but smile at the manner in which her emotions now manifested themselves.

'Well!' she cried, impatiently, 'what a poor skimp of a man you must be to let Satan get into the piece when you had her all day in yer own keeping.'

'*I* a skimp of a man?' answered her son with spirit; 'there is n't another fellow in these diggins who'd 'a brought that gun home as I did, after he diskivered that sich goings on were inside of her. And if she'd tell her own story—'

Bang!—bang!—bang! pealed the gun.

'That's Satan who speaks now—'

Bang--phizz--bang!

'It's Satan, I say, and no mistake. But if she'd tell her own story she'd own I never let her go out of my hands this blessed day; save when Jackson Phillips tuk Dawson's piece and mine to watch for deer on the runaway when we went down the branch to see if we could n't get a big sucker or two for supper out of the deep hole where I cotched so many fish last Fall. No! if she'd speak for herself—'

BANG! thundered the gun, with a report so tremendous that I involuntarily put my hand to my ears.

'Gim me the tongs—gim me them 'ere tongs,' shcuted Mrs. Stumpers in great wrath; while Dawson turned pale, and even Phillips seemed a little disturbed as he muttered, 'if the old thing should bust it might be a bad business for us.'

Hank, however, doggedly handed his mother the tongs; and before I could interpose, or, indeed, before I was aware what the courageous woman was about to do, she had grasped the gun with the tongs, near the lock, and bearing it before her with a strong arm she moved toward the door. 'Why don't ye open—'

Bang!—phizz!—bang!—bang!—phizz!—phizz!—bang! alternately pealed and sputtered the gun; but still the intrepid virago went on. I sprung to the door and flung it wide before her.

The light from within was reflected upon the hollow buttonwood trunk which formed the curb of the well opposite, and in another instant the gun was plunged to the bottom.

'Thar!' said Mrs. Stumper, clapping the tongs in true housewife fashion as she replaced them in the chimney corner. 'Now one can hear hisself talk without the bother of sich a clatter.'

Bang! moaned the gun at the bottom of the well.

'Can't stop Satan that way, mammy,' said Hank, his stupid face sicklying over with an unhappy smile.

The mystery had now deepened to the highest point of interest—that last discharge was wholly unaccountable—and for my own part, my curiosity was wound up to a pitch that was postively painful. I remembered, though, the shattered bucket, and bethought myself of asking if there were any water in the well.

'About enough to come up to a lizard's ear,' answered Hank; 'but there's a smart chance of mud under it, I tell ye, strannger. That old gun will keep sinking for a week yet.'

'She's stopped,' said Dawson.

'Yes,' answered Phillips, 'and we'd better fish her out before she sinks beyond our reach.'

'Do n't I tell ye Satan's in the gun,' cried Hank almost furiously—'down—down—she'll keep going down now till he has her in his own place all to himself. I lost an axe myself in that well onst, and if half that father used to tell about it be true—'

Spluch--uch--uch. Bubble—uble--bang!--ble--bang! Splu--ble--bang—bang——BANG!!!

* * * * * * * * *

We listened—we looked long at each other. With the last report, which was almost overpowering, I was convinced that the explosion must have been aided by inflammable gas at the bottom of the well, for the blue flame, as it rose from it, flashed through the only window of the cabin, and showed the features of its ignorant inmates, for the first time, distorted with real terror. At least Phillips and Dawson, upon whom my eye was fixed at the time, looked perfectly aghast with fright.

Hank's supposition of the ultimate destiny of his famous gun (viz. going to the sporting dominions of the Great Hunter below) could hardly be true, however, inasmuch as a piece of the blackened muzzle was found next morning, driven half through a fragment of the well curb which lay shattered around, broken to splinters by the explosion of the fire damp. The poor young man fairly wept outright when it was shown him by Phillips; who, with a generosity I could not sufficiently admire at the time, insisted upon replacing the hoary weapon of Hank's affections with his own light eastern rifle; saying at the same time that he had a Kentucky tool at home which he much preferred to the Pennsylvania yæger.

This same Phillips, by the way, very civilly offered after breakfast to put me on my road, which, from the number of the Indian trails along the border of the Cherokee country, I had wholly lost.

'I say, strannger,' said he, the moment we had got out of earshot of the house, 'you were devilish cool when that well blew up! tell me the trick of it *only*, and I'll tell you the trick of the gun, which raythor skeared you a few, as I think.'

I explained the fire damp to him.

'Raally, now,' he exclaimed, 'wells is almost unknown in this country, for we either settle down by a spring, or get our water from the branch. But the fust well I fall in with I'll draw up a bottle of that *gas* as you call it, and have some raal fun with the fellers. But look here,' said he, stopping and tearing off some dry fungus from an old stump, 'when you want to play a trick as made music for us last night, you've only to put twenty charges in a gun, with sich wad as this atween each of em—an ascotch now and then instead of dry powder will be all the better; ram each down well; let the chap carry his gun about for an hour or so, unbeknowing—jist as that simple Hank did—and choose your own time for dropping a piece of lighted touchwood into the muzzle.'

Upon my word, I was not sorry that I was to part company, before night, with this practical joker; who, for aught I knew, might seize some tempting opportunity to slip a snake or so into my boots, stuff my saddle with squibs, or play off some little piece of facetious like that with which the jocular Captain Goffe, in Scott's novel of the Pirate, used now and then to indulge his humor;—the said captain having a funny way of discharging his pistol under the mess-table, merely to pepper some one's shins with a half-ounce ball.

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it.—You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear home-spun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champaign, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in worthless gewgaws. Try this scheme—it is much better than to depend upon bank favors, and a thousand times more honorable than a resort to the bankrubt law.

CROMWELL THE MUTINEER.—The New-Orleans Tropic of the 20th, publishes the following statement as to the character of Cromwell "furnished by a gentleman in New-Orleans."

"He was the first mate of the new ship General Parkhill, Capt. J. D. Wilson, upon which a mutiny occurred in February, 1839, when at anchor in the harbor of St. Marks, Florida, Capt. Wilson and his passengers had gone ashore in two boats, when the second mate and seven men rose, severely wounded the mate, confined him, robbed the ship, and made their escape in the best boat belonging to the vessel. Two of them were caught, tried and imprisoned, the rest were never found. Last summer this gentleman was in New-York, just before the Somers sailed, and when passing her in boat, saw a man leaning over the side of the vessel whom he recognised to be one of the mutineers, who passed by the name of Campbell, but whose real name was Cromwell. He tried to get on board to state this to the Captain, but was prevented by the officer on deck supposed to have been Midshipman Spencer.—A letter has been written to the Court of Inquiry detailing these particulars, which we think will throw considerable light upon the affair.

TO MAKE HENS LAY PERPETUALLY.

I never allow cocks to run with my hens, except when I want to raise chickens. Hens will lay eggs *perpetually* if treated in the following manner. Keep no roosters; give the hens *fresh meat*, chopped fine like sausage-meat, once a day, a very small portion, say half an ounce a day to each hen, during winter, from the time insects disappear in the fall, till they appear again in the spring. Never allow any eggs to remain in the nest, for what is called *nest eggs*. When the roosters do not run with the hens, and no nest eggs are left in the nest, the hens will not cease laying after the production of twelve or fifteen eggs, as they always do when roosters and nest eggs are allowed; but continue laying perpetually. My hens always lay all winter, and each from seventy-five to one hundred eggs in succession. There being nothing to excite the animal passions, they never attempt to set. If the above plan were generally followed, eggs would be just as plenty in winter as in summer. The only reason why hens do not lay in winter as freely as in summer, is the want of *animal food*, which they get in summer in abundance in the form of *insects*. The reason they stop laying and go to setting, after laying a brood of eggs, is the continual excitement of the animal passions by the males. I have for several winters reduced my theory to practice, and proved its entire correctness. It must be observed that the presence of the male is *not* necessary for the production of eggs, as they are formed whether the male be present or not. Of course such eggs will not produce chickens. When chickens are wanted, the roosters must of course run with the hens.—*Cultivator.* *Comm.*

A SUICIDE.—The Hon. Charles W. Ewing, formerly a member of Congress, in a temporary fit of insanity, shot himself at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 9th instant.

AMMONIA.

More commonly konwn as hartshorne, in an alkali being of a burning caustic taste, and as every one must know, who has treated the nasal organ to its aroma, is of a powerful, pungent odor. It is very volatile in its character, for unless closely confined from the influence of the atmosphere, its peculiar qualities pass off and enter into new compositions, in the material system.

Its chemical composition is one part of nitrogen, the principle ingredient of the atmosphere, to three of hydrogen—a gas which of itself is inflammable, but which when united with oxygen, forms water; or if taken in atomic proportions, 17 parts of nitrogen, and 3 of hydrogen, from 17 of pure ammonia.—[See Dana's Muck Manuel p. 130.]

Thus much for what ammonia is; nextly, Where is it found?

It exists in the atmosphere—in the cloud that floats through it—in the snow and rain that fall upon the earth; indeed its existence may be traced to all organized substances.—It is found most abundantly, however, where the process of decay is going on most rapidly, and in such cases unless precautionary measures are adopted to prevent its escape, it passes into the atmosphere, and though that becomes an annoyer as well as a benefit, for then, while it feeds the farmer's wheat, it also yields nourishment to his tares. If his grass flourish under its influece, the thistles by the way-side and in the 'old field,' shoot up more luxuriantly from the aid it bestows. In the more valuable manures it is found most abundant, and Dr. Dana supposes the yearly produce from the manure of one cow, to be 188 pounds of pure ammonia, or 550 lbs, of the carbonate of ammonia of the shops.

Other animal manures possess it in different quantities, and it is upon this mainly, that their effect in producing fertility is supposed to depend.

Hence the property of the farmers' adopting such a course with these manures as will go most likely to convert them to practical benefit. In order to effect this, the process of evaporation must be stopped until they are placed where the gasses will not pass into the atmosphere, or substances must be incorporated with them which will unite in taking up ammonia. Hence the benefit of composts, for all the turft, weeds, muck, and other decomposable absorbants, which are thrown into, and incorporated with, the manure heap, to go to aid in taking up the salts and gases, which would otherwise pass into the atmosphere, and become rich manures of themselves. Any one can see the propriety of this. Take for instance, any dead animal and expose it on the surface of the earth, a loathsom effluvia will pass off, as decay advances.—Bury the animal, and the stench ceases to annoy you, but putrification does not stop.—It merely passes into surrounding substances, instead of the atmosphere. Now when the animal has all or nearly all decayed, take the earth that surrounded it and apply it to your lands, and you will find the effect to fertilize arise from it. Or, if you please, let it remain, and a luxuriant growth of weeds will for years mark the place, unless buried so deep that its effects are not felt on the surface.

It is just so with all manures: while the processes of decay is going on, the volatile and important parts are passing away in unhealthy stenches, poisoning the air, and wasting the substance of the farmer. It is his *wealth*, one that might soon be realized in the beauty of luxuriant crops, and later in dollars and cents, (these words of peculiar charms,) passing off on the wings of the wind.

Even in winter, when the frost and cold are exerting their anti-putrescent qualities, it may hardly be said to stop; and unless precautionary measures are taken, spring will be sure to waste the accumulations winter brings. To remedy this evaporation, many of the enterprising farmers where manures are fully appreciated, have made cellars under their barns and stables, into which the manure is daily thrown to protect it from the drenching of storms and the effects of the atmosphere.

The saving by this plan has been found to yield a rich profit for the outfit, but still the gases will to some extent, pass off, and a remedy for this has developed itself in the admixture of the sulphate of lime, gypsum, or plaster of Paris, with manure in winter. It should be thrown in frequently, and its effects in summer when applied are to correct all offensive smells, and retain the gases in their proper places.—*Berkshire Far.*

BRINE YOUR HAY.

It may be well to remind some of your readers of the advantage of salting their poor fodder, at intervals through the winter, both for cattle and sheep.

Lay by all your hay, stalks, straw, &c., that are coarse or damaged, then once or twice a week, in warm days, or moderate weather, brine this refuse hay and other feed: to one pail of water add one pint of salt; sprinkle this brine on one large fork-full of dry food, and you will find that all or most of it will be consumed, though some locks may not be impregnated with salt.

Several important advantages may be gained by this treatment.

First, you will dispose of all your poor fodder; second, the stock will eat it with avidity and look full in warm days, when tolerably good feed may lay before them rejected, or eaten with reluctance; third, it answers every purpose of otherwise salting the stock, as they should be; fourth, you will not lose one-half the number of animals, especially sheep, as you would to manage any other way.

A daughter of Mr. William H. West, of Cabotville, aged about 7, came home the day after the Thanksgiving of 1840, coughing and crying, and said she had swallowed a pin. This cough has continued violent since, at many times making her quite sick. Several physicians, however, concluded after a few months that the coughing proceeded from a disease in the throat. In December last, two years after the first complaint, in one of her violent coughing turns, she raised from her throat a common brass pin, considerably corroded. The little girl is now perfectly well.—*Northampton Courier.*

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been sick for some time, asked whether he had regained his *appetite*. "No ma'am," says the boy, "not exactly; his *appetite* is very poor, but his *drink-etite* is as good as ever."